Adopted Fathers

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Adopted Fathers

by slashyrogue

Summary

Abigail thinks about Father's Day and makes her new fathers their first Father's Day breakfast.

She still remembers her last Father's Day being a Hobbs. The startled looks her mother gave, her father's too attentive touches, and the way her voice shook when she said the words.

"Happy Father's Day, Daddy."

Abigail is still a hunter this year, but things are different. Instead of one father she has two, and her name has changed.

She is a Graham-Lecter now.

She also has a sister, smaller than her for sure and with a lot more hair but a sister nonetheless. Encephalitis is a sweetheart, loves the attention her big sister gives even though her daddies spoil her the most.

They spoil them both even more than they spoil each other.

Today of all days is for them, she refuses to have them dote on her, and wakes up early to start breakfast with Cephie at her heels. They make pancakes, the one breakfast meal Hannibal has taught her to perfection, and she cooks some people sausage burning it just a little to match.

She finishes at nine and they come down ten minutes later.

"Happy Father's Day," she says for the first time since that night they ran off together.

They both pause at the doorway to the dining room.

Hannibal smiles as he walks to her and kisses her cheek. "Thank you, Abigail."

He sits just as Will comes and wraps her in a hug. “Thank you, Abby.”

Tears fill her eyes as Cephie licks her fingers.

“I hope you like it,” she whispers, her voice thick, “Your daughters worked real hard, Dad.”

Will kisses her cheek.

“I’m sure it’s gonna taste amazing.”

Abigail sits down across from them and Encephalitis jumps up to sit beside her. They watch her new dads eat and never make a face even at the slightly burnt sausage.

Hannibal raises his orange juice glass.

“My compliments to the chef.”

She wipes her face and smiles as she takes her first bite.

“Chefs,” she mumbles, “Cephie helped.”

Will grins and folds his pancake before he eats it. His moan is exaggerated and obvious.

“Yummy. Thank you.”

Abigail smiles.

“You’re welcome. Happy Father’s Day.”

She knows they’re holding hands under the table even though she can’t see it and the look they give each other means so much.

Abigail is still a hunter.

But she’s finally caught herself a real family.

Works inspired by this one

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